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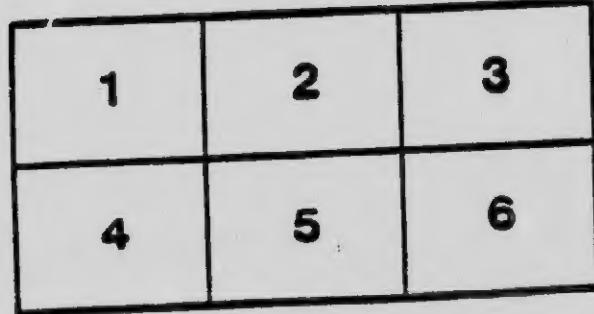
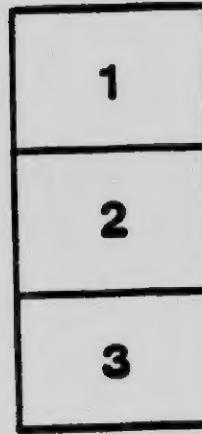
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Famous
Spiritual



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FAMOUS SIGHT SPIRITUAL ADVICE

VARIOUS MATTERS

VICTORIA BEST

SMILE

If you should meet a man
That tries to injure you,
Rob or slander you,
Just smile and brighten up
And hit him hard
With skillful intelligence,
Oh, kill his wicked meanness,
Knock all his coarseness out of sight
Until he chants
The fair planets of the sky.
And look, look, look,
Be very careful if you meet a polished man
That glimmers with specious prattle,
Just let him prattle, prattle, prattle,
And when you see the meanness coming
Look wide and high,
And act quickly,
And smile gaily,
And sing a joyful song.

SPARKS OF TRUTH.

Love and power moves the universe along, gives light,
bears christian principle, promotes brotherhood. It pays
to cultivate individuality, logic, spirituality, veneration,
benevolence and human nature; God lives in us; oh won-
derous life that blooms on without end and brave as the
purifying waters sing, "sin may come and joy may go,
but I smile on forever."

High intelligence and perseverance stars the universe.
O, thunders of fort and fleet
You are a jolly thundering mass,
Most splendid, numerous and bright,
That stick to the wheels of civilization,
That stand at the head of the column.
With a knowledge and understanding
Of what is great and just,
Endeavoring to make human souls noble and bright;
With conscience white,
You are God's uplifters of humanity.

MORNING PRAYER.

God bless our home,
Fill every soul with grace;
Teach us to know Thy will,
Thy faithful power doth heal:
Give peace without alloy,
Kill graft, hate, slander and strife;
Holy Spirit, live within us,
Enlighten every thought with light Divine.

EVENING THANKS.

We thank Thee, Lord,
For this beautiful world,
Thy wonderous works;
May Thy children
Keep Thy precepts bright,
And in Thy strength be wisely governed,
And in the brightness of Thy face, O Lord
And joyful voice
Find rest and brightness;
We know that in Thy righteousness
We shall be lifted up on high.

GREAT MEN.

Great men are clean men, and all great men lift up their heads with joy; they are the crowning jewels of immortality, the light of the earth and the joy of Heaven. God, within man, the forces of superior intelligence, purity, virtue, kindness and sentiment. Clean, bright men have veneration, benevolence, friendship and reason in combination; these faculties inspire them with kindest feelings toward all people.

The world's sparkling beauty, its fields of splendor, its noble deeds, its heavenly light, are made by the marvelous reasoning souls of men. Spiritual strength, symmetry and beauty of soul belong only to the pure and bright. Such persons have excellent minds, intellectuality, culture, indescribable tenderness of heart, and great strength of character, and will sacrifice anything upon the altar of honor.

Fame is the powerful light of noble deeds.
Fame is the light of Heaven's tower.

DAILY ADVICE.

Don't criticize, don't slander, true greatness consists in being great in minding your own business. Rich and poor, young and old, think brightly, speak bravely, live nobly; envy not the sinner's stained self; avoid loafing; low places of amusement; nude pictures; strive to promote purity and brightness. Maintain purity and brightness as equally binding upon men as women; accept as your company clean, bright men and virtuous women; support only temperance and purity; in all matters be clean and bright; avoid hypocrites. If you want to be happy do not reveal your home matters to your friends; if you have domestic trouble keep your trouble to yourself; do not make bosom friends. The only way to keep friends is to reveal intelligence and cheerfulness. Never expect much from your friends, and always remember there is no place like home, never allow people to sneak around and make trouble for you; never live a double life; make you nome bright and cheerful; be true to your family.

HAPPINESS.

Energy, knowledge and wisdom brings success, cures heartbreaks and failures. If you want to be happy you must have a definite purpose in life or else your life will be full of petty worries, fear and troubles. If you refuse to work, if you refuse to exercise your brain you are miserable in deed. Happy people study the art of pleasing, they make themselves agreeable to other people; they fear no evil, they look on the bright side of life; they are bright, ambitious and industrious, they work very hard, and they make many sacrifices; they know that the Ladder of Fame is composed of energy, meditation, study, intellectuality, struggle and sacrifice. If you are a whiner, cheer up; whining will not bring you bread and butter; whining will not bring you fame; whining will not bring you friends; nothing scares away whining like a courage high. Always remember, have courage high;

ignorance, slander, strife, hate, sensuality and hypocrisy cannot harm you, cannot hinder you, cannot keep you in the background. A courage high rushes forward and sweeps away things from its pathway.

WE LIVE AND SING.

A creature might forget to weep,
That bears great dress, rule and sway
With innocence and modesty,
A sense of pleasant ease
Through life's Eternity.
Lives there are that smote the chord of selfishness
And turns it to their glowing eyes;
What will the answer be?
God guideth all!
Without His teachings
Our minds would be naked, bleak and bare,
No prophet-flower, no pearly-shell,
For those that see
Knowledge and truth and holy mystery
Live and sing in God's own light;
Instructs us in the path that saints approve,
That weans our hearts from bumptious show;
We fear not death nor purgatorial fires,
We live and sing in God's own way.

A BUSINESS ADVISER.

Always be alive; always be bright; always have your eyes wide open; never make trouble for others unless you have some cause; unless you have some proof; never be miserable.

Never sign documents of any description unless you understand what you are signing. If you pay out money for an article, no matter how small the sum may be, get a receipt. If you buy land or property of any description from the owners or agents, heed not their specious prattle, make them write everything they tell you on paper, guarantee all that they have written are abso-

lute facts. Don't be afraid to ask questions; if there are any debts, how many; if there are any mortgages, how many; if there is a deed; if there is a clear title; what kind of a title, etc., Remember, many people are fleeced out of a life's savings by not being careful. If you do not understand get a lawyer to do your business, and be sure the lawyer is clean and bright. Before you receive money never sign any document whatsoever until you have possession of the money, or a check marked by the bank for the full amount; and always count the money you receive; and read carefully before you sign any document.

Before you pay out any money number your bills; check your money; take full description of all bills. If you get swindled have the person arrested immediately, never delay, and take full description of the person that swindled you. If you engage people to work for you, no matter whether they are professional men, business men, public servants or civil servants, never pay in advance, a small deposit may be all right, but never pay full fee in advance. Never buy articles you do not need. Never live beyond your means. Be careful, avoid trouble, avoid sorrowful days, never loan money, never back notes unless you have unique security. In all business matters be clean and bright.

Notice—You cannot trust people, you cannot afford to take chances in business matters whatsoever; the time to pay attention to business matters is before you get into trouble. Remember, it is very easy to get into trouble, but it is not so easy to get out of trouble.

Practice the above advice daily, never trust people unless you have unique security.

THE BRAIN. THE PALM.

The brain, the palm, must be the test,
A knowledge of great gain;
The next to know ourselves complete
With others we must dwell.

Napoleon's brain could not be rated small;
Nor could Webster's thumb be classed puny;
And Whittier's spirituality could not be called low;
And Lincoln's fingers were anything but a stable boy's
fingers.

Large brain will always dominate over smaller brain;
Where quality is different,
In this we need not be deceived
If we will use our eyes;
Peaches do not grow on thistle tops,
Neither does intelligence blossom on a flimsy, flabby un-
couth face and hand;
Anything in man or child but a weak uncultured mind.
The brain, the palm,
Reveals the truth, gives character, and talent;
Is the seat of man's intellect.
A weak uncultured mind is the devils finish.

Most excellent way to reveal character and talent is
from the voice and the temperaments. The voice is the
lightning key of the soul, and the temperaments give
quality.

GENUINE THINKERS.

Genuine thinkers are pure in thought, are pure in word, are pure in deed; they are God's infallible ciphers; they see clearly. The murky haze on the glasses of reason has cleared away and great men cannot think or act foolishly; the hypocrite, dissimulator and falsifier is skilful in the art and has small brain and looks foolish. Human nature fashions and builds for us heavenly mansions of joy, strength and peace, and reveals the key to unlock the character of man, whether ignorant or intelligent, handsome or ugly, what a man is and what he will be is in his face, palm and brain—success, failure, purity, wisdom, sensuality and ignorance; most interesting, instructive and practical is the science that enlightens man's intellect, stimulates his benevolence and purifies his love. All sensible men learn how to be successful in business and social affairs, courtship, marriage and all matters.

God give us power to live
To see, to free ourselves
From all that is not brave,
That is not just, that is not bright.

FAMOUS SIGHT.

Famous sight is sound judgment, clear vision, clear seeing; such men have the power of seeing and appreciating what is pure and sun living in another man. God's blue skies smile and life blooms high for all clear seeing men. Clear seeing men are just, are thoughtful, they know that there is a vast difference between a white rose and a secretive fox that visits the hen roost by the light of the moon, and a superior brained man that sees clearly and a dull man that cannot see. All clear seeing men know that there is a hereafter, they know that God rules Heaven and earth; they tie not their faith to things that will vanish; they know that all they take to Heaven is a bright, clean mind; they live to the best each little minute. Clear seeing men believe in character and talent reading, they know there are people that tell very truly. The man that consults some so-called fortuneteller and imagines that the so-called fortuneteller can tell him anything and everything is as foolish as some man that would harpoon a whale and expect to find inside the whale's stomach a charming young lady, a sack of gold and an automobile. Ignorance, strife, slander, hate, sensuality, graft and hypocrisy is the damnation of man.

An intellect that is well constructed in all three storeys of the forehead is high, wide and deep, perceptive, retentive and reflective. Such persons are philosophers, scientists, thinkers, observers, theorizers and naturalists. We find such brows on the busts of Socrates, Newton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Humboldt, Plato, Webster, Franklin and others.

SEEING.

Seeing is power, seeing is sight, seeing is reasoning,
seeing is believing, seeing is apprehension of truth. It
belongs to persons possessing great hope, spirituality,
veneration, benevolence, logic, reason, individuality.
Such person's have superior brain quality and an angelic
appearance.

GIFT

A gift that has been given to me,
A golden lighted river;
It grows to you a part;
Quick sense of heart and brain,
A gift of God's behest
The highest doth attain,
For skilful grows the light,
And radiates from morn till eve,
And envys not the silvery wave.
Oh, flower and bird! Oh, wave and wind!
Oh, happy glow and crystal mountain peaks,
And all things sweet;
Ye wanton trees of Stanley Park,
Ye clasp them with your boughs
And make the air one warble
From showery spring to fall.
On isles of green
The flowers crowd and bloom,
With blossoms all ablazing glory;
In reason's ear rejoice
With life that's sweet and fair,
That comforts, strengthens and wafts us to the skies:
'Tis God alone that saves,
Oh, God of gifts,
The joyous birds that sing on bonnie sprays
Awake the dawning day.

GOD BLESS OUR FLANDER BOYS

In Flander's field,
Where hero bones are moulding
Beneath poppies red;
And spirits, awake to God:
Soft as a sunbeam
In Heaven above, where all is love
God bless our Flander boys.
Open our eyes dear Lord to the generosity
Of our dying boys,
That shine to the topmost peak of Heaven;
They died for king and country,
God bless our Flander boys.
Ye Flander boys the work you did
Is most righteous in our sight.
All faith we've kept.
Smile, high above those poppies red
That mark your grave.
We've killed the German's wicked approbation,
Blew up their woven glooms of war,
Turned clouds to light,
And bitterness to joy;
And holy melodies arise,
All sordid baseness has expelled
In Flanders' fields.
God bless our Flander boys.
White blue waves of sparkling jet
Tread the sky,
And life is all retouched again;
All power is His alone.
The balmy air and sunny day,
Sets every heart in tune—
And glory comes
From God, our home on high;
Ah! does it not to eyes that can see:
Tidings of peace,
Some day, a glorious birth.
God bless our Flander boys.
Forever sacred is thy name,
Ye Flander boys;

Soft prayers shall always gleam
On every stone,
'Midst poppies red,
In Flanders fields.
God bless our Flander boys.

WE ARE BRITON'S SOLDIERS

We are Briton's soldiers, we are Briton's boys,
Firmly we stand, all for king and country.
We'll fight beneath our flag until we die;
And we'll march to our God on high.
We are Briton's soldiers, we are Briton's boys,
We have Christ's own promise,
Forward we go, all for king and country;
Battling for the right, we cannot fail;
We are Briton's soldiers, we are Briton's boys.
We are Briton's soldiers, we are Briton's boys,
Firmly we give our hearts to God.
We will ever look to Jesus,
He is our strength, our shield.
May our hearts be light,
And our eyes open to all that's pure.
We are Briton's soldiers, we are Briton's boys.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

Soldiers of Christ; you safely stand!
I see thee standing on green, green hills,
Thy words are strong,
Juney roses and buds half blown
With music and with song.
O, God, our Father, judge and friend,
We feel Thy presence ever bright.
The golden sunshine clusters near and far,
Removes all fear, rebukes all ill,
Casts glory everywhere.
I'll journey o'er the mountains high
Among the reapers bright, where light dispels the dark.

And make a garden there for those
That love life's mental charms;
With reapers bright, I'll garner in the sheaves.
Firm on the rock, straight to the sky,
I'll travel ever bright
In ranks of splendor sky deep:
O noble work! O arduous plan!
A laugh of Heaven's delight.
And up above the bright blue sky,
Angelic faces light, green gardens bright;
And God, Himself, scents grasses, buds and blossoms.

GERMANY'S DOWNFALL.

Had'st thou sounded the depths of thy hate and thy strife
 religiously,
Thou would'st have known
God's way is love and peace.
From His celestial seat
He bears, for peaceful nations, a glorious day.
Had'st thou fathomed the depths of thy greed and thy
 vanity religiously,
Ciphered the sum,
And heeded the lesson,
The brightness of God's face
On thee would'st have shined.
God's will is love and peace,
The witchery of the soft blue skies.
Had'st thou measured the heights of veneration,
Conscientiousness, and prosperity religiously,
Where twinkling stars shed their light;
Thou would'st have known
That idolizing thy wicked approbation;
Steaming up thy bloody destructiveness, combativeness,
 and alimentiveness,
Was not God's law;
Had'st thou measured the height of gratitude religiously,
All benediction would'st have been thine.
Thou would'st have appreciated
The wonderful ingenuity, high intellectuality,

Fine culture, great capacity and wonderful vitality
That God had given thee;
Thou would'st have known
That hate, strife, and greed
Are the de 'ils bumptious tools.
Had'st thou measured the heights
Of justice and logic religiously,
Thou would'st not try to blame
Thy hateful, sinful low war on other nations.
Unlock thy heart, let Heaven in,
Wash all they hate and sin away.
God can give thee grace,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.
May all nations be keenly alive!
To Germany's sinful deeds,
Oh! her, river of human blood.
May all nations be sparkling bright!
Flash the light among the blossoms
God will bless thee with His smile,
Peace and concord ever be.

FICKLENERS.

Many peoples' heads and palms that are examined
Have excessive fondness for variety.
A roving disposition for new faces;
Honeyed words and blight, gay smile;
Insipid brain and bumptious showoff.
O woe betide the man,
That lacks affection and a heart;
The primal sin of selfishness,
Swift sorrow, and full handed
Sets all his happiness afame;
And love by traitor torn.
Vain is mortal fickleness;
Straight before his eyes his new love vanishes;
With heart all broken he drifts in sorrow;
The passion of his grief.
His enemies exceeding joy.
True love and friendship never fails;

The wise man clings to his old friends
Through sunshine and adversity with sunny warmth,
And all the bells of Heaven doth ring
Their benediction down.
O happy home, O loved ones bright,
The love of God is in thy soul;
And thy triumphal song
Is tuned with golden victory,
That lights the path the Pilgrims trod:
Hand in hand they march together,
Truth's white banner, rising higher and higher.

CRITIC.

When my bones are moulding beneath earth's sod;
And rays of sunshine soft and warm
Break through yon blue, blue sky,
Where thoughts upreach of this, and that,
Speed on the light;
All people love a bright, bright light.
And though my words may appear
Childish, sarcastic and imaginative
Before a great, great mind
That pours so full and strong,
Just promise to be kind.
Let Heaven's own light be judge.
My verse is but my soul unfold,
I've done my best;
God knows the rest.
The bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain,
Bears greeting to yon Golden Shore,
And Heaven's great light breaks in
The sparkling jet, and blazing rays of sky deep
And all the mighty voices
With loud hosanna ring,
Now soft, now loud,
Thy light shall ever shine.
I'm just a country girl
I love the birds, the flowers, the mountains,

And the streams, and lofty aims,
And high endeavors:
And soft warm days and golden light.
I'll fly mountains high
For blossoms bright to deck my crown
Where the pearly lights unfold,
Sweet blossoms, O, so Heavenly.
Critic, when my bones are moulding beneath earth's sod;
May light, and life spring to you
Who read these lines;
May you march on highways wedged with gold,
And reap a harvest bright,
Free from heartache, rust and sin.
A song of light and praise,
A heart as pure as the white, white rose,
All cultured sheaves and golden grain.
I'll leave thee now to do thy work,
And rustle bright a glorious crown
For Heaven above;
And side by side,
We'll sweep through valleys bright,
A life of beauty with our God.

OUR DOCTOR'S.

Our doctor's are kind-hearted, brave and generous;
Brighter thoughts than these, our doctors' deeds recall:
Our doctor's toil for humanity year by year;
They are God's most benevolent workers:
A hand that's always willing to heal,
And many times without remuneration;
What worthier knights can be found
To grace God's golden shore?
Many times our doctor's eyes are dim
For the want of rest
And many times their hearts are sad,
For kind words and grateful people;
How happy we all would be,
In this beautiful world
If we were all kind-hearted and bright-minded.

O God, have patience with us all;
Teach us how to live and how to speak.
And how to be grateful;
Bring us out of darkness into shades of light.
Through the stormy nights of rain,
Sleet, hail and wind,
Our doctors come if we are sick.
True, tender and brave,
They battle with diseases;
Cures the sick,
Charms the rich and poor, young and old;
Our doctors' real worth only God can tell:
Our doctors' have great responsibility,
And most arduous duties to perform
While happy people gather around
Their warm, bright hearths
And discuss the doctor's they like best,
And those that they think are fakes and frauds,
And follow on with sharp accusing tongues.
God bless us all with kindly thoughts,
And lead us through Thy dewy meadows
Beyond the reach of scornful eyes,
Cruel speech and mocking fingers.
Wipe all mildew from off our eyes,
Carve us with Thy chisel Lord;
Like the spring and sunlit blossoms,
Glistening o'er dull and vulgar clay;
White with purity, stretching Heavenward,
Golden mind and astral bloom,

DOES THE SOUL EXIST AFTER DEATH? YES

My communication with the dead, a most sincere, unquestionable proof. My mother died very suddenly, November 30th, 1915. She died on a Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m. The following Tuesday morning at 10:30 a.m. my mother came to me, many miles away from where her body was. I could feel and hear her coming on a long journey. She came with sleigh bells, and she came like a rushing gale. I could feel mirth and happiness.

Before my mother entered the room where I was she hypnotized me, she took all my fear away. It was a beautiful sunny morning, the room was full of sunshine. I stood in the middle of the room and looked straight ahead to where the sound was coming from, my eyes became fixed, and I couldn't blink, and couldn't move a finger, I couldn't move a muscle and was paralyzed. I became like an infant, and had no fear, oh, I did feel so innocent. The human brain contains four groups of faculties. The spiritual group, the intellectual group, the social group, and the animal group. Before my mother entered the house where I was she killed all my faculties but the spiritual group of faculties and the super intellectual faculties.

My mother was accompanied by two spirits; they seemed to have more experience than she had; they all came through the one window; they all halted when they entered the room. My name is Victoria. I heard my mother say is that Victoria, and the spirits answered yes; possibly my mother couldn't see; she was blind seven years before she died. When the spirits answered my mother's question; my mother darted over to where I was standing. I saw a great mass of blue grey fog gathering around me, and the room was full of sunshine. My mother seemed to pierce me through the heart with her spirit. She then started at the crown of my head, where the faculty of firmness is located; she came down through the faculties of veneration, spirituality, benevolence, human-nature, comparison, eventuality, and when she came to the faculty of individuality she used more power. I was very anxious to see, I tried to keep my eyes open; my mother brought my fixed eyes down gently, gently by degrees; I closed both my eyes at once; I went into another world.

I passed through three different atmospheres, oh, wonderful lands of rest. I was perfectly blind; I couldn't see anything. The lightness of the atmosphere and the odor of the lovely flowers was marvelous. Coming back to earth I had to struggle, when I came to the last atmosphere I gasped and gasped for breath, the air seemed so heavy and smoky. And when I got back to earth I was

disappointed, the earth seemed so tame. In a second I was myself again and I was very glad that I was on the earth. I looked around the room I was standing in the middle of the floor, I saw the beautiful sunshine, and I noticed the room was full of spiritual magnetism, and I saw floating in space these words: "We shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint. Your mother is happy." I walked across the floor to a settee, where my hat and scarf was laying, I picked the scarf up and started to finish the work that I had left undone, and I noticed the spiritual magnetism all floated over to where I was sitting, and I felt my mother's presence and I heard her chant these words three times most softly. "We shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint." I noticed my mother wanted me to realize the full meaning of these words, "We shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint." My mother was dead only two days when she came to me. The transformation was wonderful. She was so apprehensive, intelligent, powerful and youthful and her spiritual magnetism was most marvelous. I observed keenly my mother's spiritual magnetism remained in the room several hours after she had left, and it was there when I left the house. And I also noticed that her wonderful spiritual magnetism was faintly blended with her earthly magnetism, the same kind of magnetism that she had when she was living. My health was fine, I never felt better in my life. I finished my hat and scarf that I was making, ate my lunch, went to the station and met some relatives and took a journey to where my mother's body lay. The moment I entered the room where my mother's body was I noticed that wonderful spiritual magnetism, the same kind of magnetism that came with my mother's spirit in the morning. The next thing that I discovered was a big black coffin. I went over to the coffin, looked at my mother's face; discovered the same dress, the same face cloth, the same big black coffin much too large; everything identically the same as I saw in a dream two months before my mother's death.

That wonderful spiritual magnetism and my mother's face reminded me so much of Margaret Mackay's beautiful hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," blessed sleep from which

none ever wake to weep. I immediately left the room; met my relatives, had supper, talked a little while, and went to bed and kept my spiritual experience to myself. The rest of the people didn't observe anything, so I didn't say anything. They were all married but myself and one brother, and I know that my single brother would have thought it all a disgrace if I did reveal my spiritual experience.

The next morning at 10:30 a.m. I went into the room where my mother's body lay, and I noticed the spiritual magnetism was very strong, and I heard my mother call me softly by name. Oh, her voice had such a happy ring. You know the voice is the lightning key of the soul. I was alone, I went over to the coffin, looked at my mother's face and I happened to put my hand out from the crown of her head and I discovered a lump of icy cold air vibrating with warmth and wonderful magnetism, a swift, swift current containing lots of electricity. It was the air inside of the coffin that filled the room with spiritual magnetism. I noticed particularly that the air did not touch my mother's head, but was fully nine inches out from the crown of her head and extended almost to the top of the coffin and I also noticed particularly that the air did not come from her mouth nor from her nostrils and I noticed her nostrils were very stiff; the coffin was far too long and too wide for my mother's body, it was identically the same as I saw in my dream two months before her death. I tried so hard to scatter the air that extended out from the crown of my mother's head. I went back several times and tried to remove the air from the coffin, but I had no power whatsoever, anymore than I had power to remove the sun from the earth. I concluded that the air that extended out from the crown of my mother's head was her spirit and that her spirit couldn't depart from any other part of her body only from the crown of her head, where the spiritual and super intellectual faculties are. I also concluded that my mother's spirit is composed of her spiritual faculties, her super intellectual faculties and her breath and atmospheric electric magnetism. Several months after my mother's death I asked a few doctors what they thought of my spiritual exper-

ience regarding my mother's death, etc. One doctor thought my mother might have been in a trance, the rest of the doctors thought the peculiar air that I discovered fully nine inches out from the crown of my mother's head and extending up into the top of the coffin had no connection whatsoever with my mother's body. I asked the doctor who thought my mother might have been in a trance to extend his breath up over his head and out nine inches from the crown of his head a full breath of warmth the same as I discovered my mother's breath among icy cold air and electric magnetism and a current of air that would blow a handkerchief.

I told the doctor if he could blow a full breath of warmth up over his head and out nine inches from the crown of his head so that it could be felt, or if he could get me a live man that could do so I would give him two thousand dollars in cash. I noticed my mother's spiritual magnetism filled the whole room and blend so beautiful with her infant grandchildren whom she loved so dearly when on earth. I keenly observed that the preacher did not notice any spiritual magnetism whatsoever, nor did any of my relatives notice anything unusual. The last thing that I did, just before my mother's body was taken to the cemetery, when I saw that they were going to close the coffin up, I went over to the coffin and examined my mother's nostrils, mouth and face carefully and ran my hand all through the icy cold air that extended out fully nine inches from the crown of her head and I noticed that the breeze that came from the icy cold air was just as strong as the first time that I had tested it, and that it contained great magnetism and electricity and full warmth of my mother's breath. Since my mother's death I have often detected her presence amidst sunlit blossoms, green, green grass and sunkissed mountain peaks, and from sky of blue I have heard my mother call me softly by name.

Undoubtedly material minded people will think that I am an ass. Refined people know that man's brain is much higher than animal instinct. And when our minds soar away from materialism into spiritual realms we strike something higher. We receive the wisdom and benevolence of God in His greatness.

MY MOTHER.

My mother came
All loaded down with happiness,
Her presence lightened!
She brought me light
That bears o'er breakers way
Until we meet again,
In skies of deepest blue embroidered
With August's plumy gold.

I am a Presbyterian, and all my people are Methodists and Presbyterians. I do not know anything about spiritualism whatsoever, I have never met any spiritualists and I have never read any books on spiritualism. I read very little. I am very fond of art and music and I am always busy doing something. My people are all good looking and they live pretty well and I am quite satisfied. I live well and my light will become brighter.

DO DEPARTED SPIRITS HAVE STYLE?—YES.

DO THEY LOOK WELL?—YES.

Dear Reader.—I saw my grandmother one year after she was dead. She came very swift, like a bird flying. I could feel the breeze and the swiftness and the rustle of her wings before she appeared. She lighted just like a big bird would. I didn't see her until she had lighted. I heard her coming and I felt her presence and I heard her light. I was in bed when she came, when I heard her light I opened my eyes. I saw a beautiful face, a tall graceful figure and wonderful gown: She was standing very straight and her head was bent forward a little and she was looking down at me. I noticed her shoulders were beautifully shaped, her face was very fine and her expression was so calm and her face was as white as snow, no color whatsoever, and her eyes were fixed. Her soft golden hair was panted in the centre of her head, and

hung full length. I noticed that she held her arms down very stiff and well toward her back as if she were shielding her wings from me. Her neck was bare and looked very soft and white. I noticed that her gown was very modest, that she did not display bare arms nor bare chest. My grandmother was a picture of youth and glory. She had a wonderful look. Her underdress was a very rich, heavy, soft, fine white silk, looked something like crepe de chene and her overdress looked like white silk chiffon and was beautifully draped. The body part of her dress was glistening light, wonderfully beaded with white blue diamond jet. The oversleeves of her outside dress had angel wings and was lovely draped and hung in soft pretty folds from her arms. The reflection from her gown gave her face such a wonderful look, and made the pictures and the books and the plants and the furniture and the wall and the whole room look like glory. I was afraid, I could feel my hair standing on end, and my grandmother knew that I was afraid of her, and her mouth dropped and her face looked painful. I closed my eyes, she waited to see if I would open my eyes, and when she saw that I kept my eyes closed she drew three long breaths, waited a second, I felt her presence and heard her turn half way around, and I heard her right wing lift and she glided away very softly. My grandmother came to tell me something but she didn't know how to take me. She was so different from my mother.

Why my grandmother kept her arms down stiff and well toward her back was because she thought that her wings would frighten me if I saw them, and why she left her hair hanging loosely was because she wanted me to recognize her, and I did recognize her.

HOW MY MOTHER LOOKED.

This is the way my mother appeared when she was dead only nine months. She came all smiles and dimples, looked about twenty-five, very youthful and happy. Her well shaped face was very full and soft looking. Her large, full, laughing dark hazel eyes shed great light.

Her lovely mass of soft, seal brown hair was coiled loosely all around her head. I noticed that her expression was something like my sister's little baby girl when she is well pleased. I did not see how my mother was dressed. She came very softly. I didn't hear her nor see her until she leaned over my shoulder and looked at what I was writing. She brought me nothing but smiles and dimples, and vanished.

**THIS IS HOW MY FATHER LOOKED AFTER HE HAD
BEEN DEAD FIFTEEN YEARS.**

My father came to me one evening when I was saying my prayers. He stood at the back of my right shoulder. I felt some person's presence, I saw a form and a lovely white robe move forward. I looked up and I met my father's eyes and face. I have those kind of eyes that take in a lot with one glance, and so has my father. I have most apprehensive large, full blue eyes, and my father has most apprehensive full, medium size, blue eyes. I have an oval shape face, and my father has an oval shaped face. I have a full high brow and my father has a full high brow. My brother Jim has a dimpled chin and my father has a dimpled chin. I noticed that my father held his head the same way that my brother Jim does. My father looked very youthful, he had very smooth, soft skin, no wrinkles, no beard nor moustache, his fair hair was about an inch long and was parted in the centre of his forehead, his hair was brushed smooth and looked moist. My father looked very youthful, he looked about twenty-seven and I noticed his face was very refined looking, all spiritual, not physical. My father seemed well satisfied with himself, his face was so calm and peaceful looking. My father held in his right hand a strap of silver bells and I noticed that he wanted me to look at the bells. These bells were attached to a leather strap that was about three and a half inches wide, I noticed that the bells set in about half an inch from the edge of the strap, the full length of the strap seemed to be about twenty-two inches. My father had the strap

clasped with a silver buckle. My father held the strap of bells in his right hand, he looked down at the strap of bells that he held in his right hand, then he looked at me.

I noticed that my father's right hand moved slightly, and the strap of bright silver bells that he held in his right hand turned old and rusty looking; my father looked at me to recognize the strap of bells, I noticed that the strap of rusty bells that he held in his right hand looked like the strap of bells that he used to have when on earth —his sleigh bells. When my father saw that I observed and recognized the old strap of bells, his right hand moved slightly and the old rusty strap of bells turned to a very rich strap of beautiful silver bells.

I looked at my father and he looked at me, our eyes met, my father's right hand moved slightly and a crown of dark silver he held in his right hand, I glanced at my father, our eyes met, my father's right hand moved slightly and he held in his right hand a crown of bright silver. I glanced at my father, our eyes met, his right hand moved slightly and he held in his right hand a crown of bright silver and diamonds, I glanced at my father, our eyes met, and I saw a circle of bright gold that stood about ten inches out from the back of my father's head, my father's right hand moved slightly and he held in his right hand a deep rim circle of engraved gold, I glanced at my father, our eyes met and I saw that my father had a large circle of lighted diamonds that stood out about ten inches from the back of his head. I glanced up at my father and our eyes met, my father's right hand held a crown of gold and diamonds, we stood up and faced each other, our eyes met, my father looked wonderful, and he looked so natural and I noticed that his hair was slightly moist, our eyes met, and we glanced at the same time, my father moved around a little and I heard the sound of his boots on the floor, I seemed like a child, I had no fear, it all seemed so natural. I glanced up at my father, our eyes met, we glanced at the same time and I noticed that the large circle of lighted diamonds that stood out about ten inches from the back of his head was moving upward, I glanced at my father, our eyes met, we glanced at the same time and I noticed that my father moved

under the large circle of lighted diamonds, and the large circle of lighted diamonds came down on my father's shoulders. I looked at my father, our eyes met, we glanced at the same time, and the large circle of lighted diamonds that rested on my father's shoulders moved up over his head, my father glanced at me, our eyes met, we glanced at the same time and I noticed that the large circle of lighted diamonds remained about ten inches above my father's head and that the crown of diamonds and gold that he held in his right hand had mixed with the large circle of lighted diamonds that stood about ten inches over his head. My father looked at me, our eyes met, we glanced at the same time, I noticed that the wonderful corona of diamonds and gold that stood about ten inches up over my father's head began to spread light, and that the small clusters of diamonds on the edge of the second circle of his corona looked like tiny twinkling stars that we often see in the sky, and I noticed that the large circle of lighted diamonds in the centre of his corona began to spread large rays of light, my father looked at me, and his corona lighted up, and the rays of light became so strong that I shuddered with fear and left my hair standing on end, it seemed like God Almighty. My father saw my fear, he did not turn on any more light, he stooped and moved his head forward from under his corona, all fear left me, and he faced me until he vanished.

I remember so well when my father showed me his dark silver crown and unlighted lamp he fairly groaned, and he warned me to keep my lights bright and to make them blaze. And I remember so well when my father showed me his lighted lamp and golden crown of diamonds he smiled, and he looked at me. My father surprised me with delight. My father had on a lovely white robe when he entered my room that changed to a suit of men's clothes, I did not see him change his clothes, nor did I notice when he sat down. I think the time that he changed his clothes and the time that he sat down was when he came forward from behind my right shoulder. I noticed that he came forward very quickly. I noticed when my father was leaving that his coat looked slightly wrinkled, and that the lines of his coat seemed to sit

slightly to his body. And I also noticed that his hands were not of flesh and blood, but were of light, and I noticed that my father wanted me to see it. I remember the first time that my mother came to see me after her death she was accompanied on her journey by two spirits and that they had sleigh bells. I think the spirits that accompanied my mother on her journey was my father and my brother Arthur. My father and my brother Arthur were dead many years before my mother died. My father predeceased my mother fourteen years. I felt my father and my brother Arthur's presence with my mother.

My father's corona is about six inches wide, and is lovely engraved and is a deep gold shade; the outside circle has a band of smooth deep gold about half an inch wide. The middle circle contains a large row of diamonds, each diamond seemed almost as large as a canary bird's egg, and is shaped very much like the big stars in the sky, each diamond stands out about half an inch, and is set with gold claws. The second inside circle's edge is set with clusters of diamonds that look very much like the tiny twinkling stars in the sky. My father's corona of light when over his head looks as large as a medium sized umbrella. I noticed that if my father had turned the full light on his corona that his body would have been out of sight, that he would have been a blaze of glory. Oh, I am so proud of my father. My father saw that my light was not strong enough to see his glory, that is why he stooped, and leaned his head forward and faced me until he vanished. I noticed that my father let one large circle of lighted diamonds drop down over his hips,

My father looked at me, he saw that I was afraid, and the circle of lighted diamonds came up and rested on his shoulders. I think if I had not been afraid that my father would have jumped through the large circle of lighted diamonds. I remember, when my father showed me his deep, gold engraved corona he pointed to the black letters, and he looked as if the lettering was very great, and he held the deep gold corona up with his right hand for me to see, I could not read the inscription. I remember when my father left the seat that he was sitting on I

got up and walked after him, he turned around, stood and looked at me, and I noticed that he looked at me from head to foot, when I was walking over to where he was. I have a good eye for size, form and distance, and I noticed that my father was not more than ten inches from me when we stood and gazed at each other. I noticed that when we were standing looking at each other that my father's height varied, he went down by degrees to a tiny little man, and came up again to his full size, and I noticed that my father wanted me to see it. I was not afraid so long as I could see my father's face.

MY FATHER.

My father came all radiant light,
A child of God.
He worked his way up
From tarnished silver
To bright silver, and glistening diamonds.
To deep, deep gold and blazing diamonds.
My father told me
To make my light shine,
To make my light blaze,
I'll keep my light bright;
Oh! I'm so proud of my father!
My father's crown
Shed light enough to last
Until we meet at God's right hand

I remember that my father and I were standing not far from a wood casement, when his large circle of lighted diamonds went down over his hips and came up again, slightly struck the wood casement that we were standing near, and made a sound, and my father looked at me to notice it. And I also remember that when my father's corona was moving above his head I heard the sound of a lamp shade that came from his corona, a kind of a jingling bell ring sound. And I remember that when my father stooped from under his corona and faced me, until he vanished, that he walked backwards and that he occasionally looked sideways to see that he would not stumble

over anything, and he went out through an open door. My father is not of flesh, he is of light. My father is a light. My father is God's infallible lighted cipher, he kills sin.

My father was not a bad man when on earth; he was a Methodist. He was not a sensualist, he was not a robber, he was not a gambler, he was not a smoker, he was not a tobacco chewer, he was not a slanderer, nor did he ever do any person an injury. He was too soft-hearted with the people they used to play on his high feelings. He used to keep us poor by being too goodhearted to people, and oftentimes people fleeced him. My father was a most kindhearted benevolent man; he loved the preachers and he liked all good people. My father's failing was liquor, he used to get intoxicated occasionally. My father was not a drunkard, one glass of liquor would intoxicate him. My father used to say he thought God was a just God, a God of love, and that God would never burn people with fire and brimstone.

EXPERIENCE.

No doubt my experience seems queer to the masses of people that cannot see, that cannot understand. Our domestic animals sometimes surprise us. An animal is only an inferior irrational being. A person is an individual human being indefinitely, and has an infallible brain. I believe that table rapping, teacup reading, card reading is trashy, is ignorance, is superstition. I do not think that departed spirits come to fortunetellers. Fortune-telling is too much like other kinds of business. I do not believe that God would allow departed spirits to come at all unless it is for a spiritual cause. We know that there are different kinds of fortune-tellers. There is the high, intellectual adviser, there is the coarse fortune-teller, and there is the ignorant pretender. And there are no fortune-tellers that can tell anything and everything that people want to know. And there are ignorant people that do not know when they are told anything, and mad when they are advised to do right.

A saint from Heaven could not please every person. A bright, intelligent, refined person that gives their life's experience to some ignorant person for a few paltry dollars is not a fake, is not a robber, etc. We are living in an age of reason.

BEAUTY

Ye, who are bright and gay
In life's prime,
Never lose your beauty;
Have your intellectuality trimmed with streaming sun-
shine,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
O, so youthful.
With a sickle and a mower
Keep thy garden bright,
Scented grasses, buds and blossoms,
Glistening with a smile of beauty,
Filling all the land with joy.
Banish every trace of sorrow,
Banish, O banish every trace of sin;
Singing with the lark in sky of blue,
Bright with youth,
And eyes of springtime,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Eye can see you,
Ear can hear you,
Ten thousand bright, bright eyes,
Keenly alive with blossoms bright,
O, marvelous joy forever more.
Sing and walk around the light you cherish
With the joy of Heaven,
Standing on the Pearly path
The light is beautiful,
Broad, bright streams go upward
Right and left,
Streams that guide our minds aright.

BRIGHTNESS

Purity and brightness is what we need,
Perseverance, care and mental thought
Make our minds grow brighter, brighter, brighter,
Until we soar and sail in circles
Among the reapers bright,
And the meaning is our seeing
Streaming sunshine waving onward,
Waving upward;
I will greet you,
I will keep you ever faithful, ever bright.
Mighty individuality broaden
O'er field and forest
So that all may see thy beauty,
Till the tree tops shake with wonder,
And the mountains echo back with praise.
All the marvelous dreams,
And works of great men
Gone before us never die;
They descended, this we know,
We shall meet them,
'Midst green sunlit trees.
Teach us O Lord brave and glorious lessons
Right and left
By tens and thousands.
Resting in the morning sunshine,
Wafted lights so warm and tender;
Hither have you come to greet me
Blessed sunshine, O my soul.

JOY.

All riches, beauty and glory,
Are from Heaven Above, where all is love.
Through the valley, climbing mountains, crossing streams,
Seeing splendor everywhere,
Crowned with pearly joy;
And golden torch, stamped with Heaven's ethereal blue
For the highest and holiest thoughts,
That light all minds
Through time and Eternity,

Green pastures and whispering light,
Within these lines I hope you'll find
There's nothing like a bright, clean mind;
Swift actions noble charm;
Pleasant is the voice that calls you,
Pleasant to the journey's end;
Sparkling wavelets bursting glory
Stimulates the universe with richest beauty,
Fills the air with peace and blessing.
When death at your portals knock
Have ready a bright, clear mind,
Of holy love,
On that fateful day,
At the judgment seat;
All other arts are as sinking sand;
Consider the green pastures and whispering light,
Love, knowledge and purity.

DETERIORATION.

Sad, sad, O, bitter sad
Sits an old man in his mansion,
Once a laughing, roving boy,
Flowers bloomed round him,
Birds sang sweetly,
In his home burned the sunshine,
His friends, fond and true,
He remembers them all so well.
He mourns for the shelter of youth,
Love, purity, and brightness.
In his mansion a shriveled sin-stained soul
Bearing the sin of an ill spent life;
Soon he shall pass to yon bright shore,
To meet his God!
O, what a wretched sight.
Take thought young man,
Never lose your individuality,
Never glide into sin;
Give your best, your very best to God,
Remember my boy,
Our Father in Heaven, sees and hears everything.

LIGHT.

God's speed gives morning light,
Pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds;
Unveil thy eyes, smile with His ray.
And when you come through Heaven's door,
Bright above the eyes with splendor;
Smiling sunshine, gentle whisper,
Robe of whiteness in life's dreamy sunshine,
Bright will be your crown of blossoms
Sparkling with the lights above.
O, hearts of love! O, souls of brightness!
While fielding you'll find I'm correct;
A selfish, narrow-minded slanderous person
Withers with the sun,
Fades into cowering nothingness.
A broad, bright, clean christian man
Is a joy forever.
His light sparkles where ever he goes,
Believe ' expect! I know it to be so,
Mould and make all christian people
Broad-minded, bright and beautiful;
In all christian churches,
Flash the light among the buds and blossoms.

LIFE.

At eighty-three sits an old man,
In his garden,
Smiling, smiling, sweetly smiling
Sunny rays;
A brighter, more transcendent youth.
His past life sparkles
With golden blossoms
A mental garden
O, so bright,
Free from heartache, rust and sin,
The great, great tidings we all must seek.
May we all be alive with superior intelligence.

That lead to balmy airs of peace;
Let us all think of God
With blossoms bright
Glistening, glistening love, light and purity.

SUNBEAMS.

On this terrestrial ball,
The sunbeams come to warm us,
Skilled in all the arts of knowledge.
Ye who pause and listen to the voice of Nature,
Of the beauty of our God.
Whispering to the leaves, buds and blossoms,
That sweep onward with such fleetness;
Ever faithful, ever sure,
Winged with glory, tipped with splendor.
Unmolested reached the heavens,
Raised the pearly gate,
Swung through all the robes of brightness;
Made a pathway for its people;
Like the little stars that twinkle,
With the song of joy and freedom.
Hand in hand they dance together,
And the rays that dart around them
Transforms age to youth;
Star of beauty, star of tenderness,
Ever pleasant ever bright;
In the kingdom, in the realms,
All the prayers are soft and golden.

WE ARE BRITISH PEOPLE

We are British people strong
We hate strife.
Bravely we stand
All for God, and man,
Ever faithful will we be.
With a countenance reverential—
And a pride upon the beauty
Of all that is great.
There is nothing that can harm us;
Grand and gracious is our splendor,
Brook and lily, and the prairies,
And fields of greatness
Tossed upon the breezy tresses
Of the beauty of the stars.
We are British, Oh, so great,
Swift of foot,
And strong of arm,
Brain and duty;
Ever joyful, ever bright,
We are British people,
Our brain power lights everywhere,
We are British people strong.



Famous Sight Spiritual Advice

VARIOUS MATTERS

— By —

Victoria Best

